

Title: THE FINAL SUNLIGHT

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The final moments of sunlight were glorious moments, ones we would have cherished had we known they were to be our last. The war against our very kindred seemed never ending, day after day of bloodshed. In their eyes burned the hatred of intolerance. And these flames kindled the fire of violence. After a while, it became easy to forget the faces of those you had slain -- a sister with one chop, an uncle with another. Yet still they came, outraged that we dared to listen to the voice of warning.

By the time the Destroyer came we were ready. Not for the Destroyer, but for an end to the fighting. Too many had not heeded, so we thought. Too many refused to acknowledge the might of the Titans. We were doomed to devastation, but with the doom came the sickening thought of peace and silence. In the end, we wondered, would Pagan and Zealan know one from the other as lifeless corpses filling the pyres, the result of the Destroyer's carnage. But then came the Titans.

First rose Lithos, the Mountain King. Then came Stratos, the Mystic Voice, and her sister Hydros, the Lurker.

Finally, the blazing image of Pyros, Lord of Flame, appeared to challenge the Destroyer. On the ground, both Pagan and Zealan alike ceased battle, awed by the presence of the these Titanic Elements.

The sky became a whirlwind of smoke and dust and hail as the Titans joined forces to and began to rise up. As the battle was fought above, the very lands upon which we stood were rended piece from piece. Mountains shifted, rose, and spewed fiery death. Wind ripped through buildings and torrents of water cascaded over the walls of the cities.

The very enemies who stood against each other, bared fangs and flashing eyes, were unable to face off, blinded by the smoke, tumbled by the quakes, scorched by the searing flames. There was naught but chaos. And when the fight ended and the Destroyer vanquished, there was naught but ruin. The quakes ceased, the wind slowed, the waters calmed, and the smoke cleared. Pagan again saw Pagan. Despite the recent tumult, the moment was one of serenity. But the sun was no more. There is no knowledge of where the light of the sky has gone. There is no true night, but there is no true day. And the Titans, demanding ever-increasing